

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

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NO. 6.

INTRODUCTION BUREAU.

By "THE HEART SPECIALIST."

This department will be a permanent feature of this paper.

In order to obtain any benefit from this column you must observe the following rules:

1. In replying to these ads. (which are genuine) you must quote the number of the person you wish to correspond with.
2. When you wish to learn the address of a person who has advertised, you must write your application to "The Heart Specialist," Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Buxton.
3. Every communication must be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope. If these rules are not complied with no attention will be paid to your letter. No fee is charged.

1. I am young lady, aged 25, medium height, brown hair and eyes; can work; good housekeeper; would like to correspond with a nice Canadian Soldier.
2. Young lady, age 22, ladylike, refined, and considered pretty, would welcome correspondence of Canadian soldier.
3. Young man, bandsman, non-drinker, would like to get letter from English girl.
4. English girl, vaudeville artiste; fair, tall, cheerful and jolly, invites correspondence; age 21 years. D.W.
5. English girl, age 18; tall, musical, cheerful disposition, will write jolly letters to Canadian Soldier. J.W.

Editor's Note.—Anyone wishing to have an address sent to them will please send applications to "Heart Specialist" and all communications will be treated with absolute privacy and in strict confidence.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.

(By LADY HEARTSEASE.)

Dear Lidy 'Eartseas,—I am a respectable married woman legal an' lawful to my mind 'Enery. I may be poor but I try an' I've been a gude wife to 'im—if I pawned 'is shirt wen I got short on kaseley, I alse got it out sater-day nite fer 'im to put on sweet an' clean of a saturday fer 'im to 'opp over at dinner time an' 'ave 'is an' pint o' bitters at the Red 'E.

'E is changed now an' I think it is cos' 's 'as 'is heve on Priscilla Zambuk since she got a pair of 'igh 'ealed boots with blue cloth tops and red silk laces.

'E tykes 'er an' 'bys 'er a plate o' whelks reglar an' never bys 'em one and one no more. 'E was a gude 'usbuid an' 'if we 'ad a spat an' 'e blacked my heye 'e would allus 'old a steak hover hit jest like hany gent. If I was not such a puflick lidy I wood slosh that there Priscilla in the earhole. What must I do to get my old Pot and Pan to cum back to 'is lovin' wife?—Yours lovingly truly forever,

HEMMA AWKINS.

Answer: Dear Hemma Awkins,—Your case truly presents great difficulties, but I should advise you to procure a pair of high heeled shoes with red toe caps and purple cloth tops tied with amber laces; buy a pink hat and trim it with a green feather on the left side and a blue one on the right side, a bunch of purple pansies in front and a big scarlet bow in back; get yourself a nice petunia coloured blouse and a Royal Blue skirt with a brown leather belt; when you have dressed yourself in this neat and becoming manner, walk down to the whelk stall and when your Henery sees you coming he will be so overwhelmed by your beauty, enhanced by your gorgeous attire, he will wonder how his affection could have wavered for a pair of high heeled shoes with blue cloth tops and dred laces, when he had such a lovely creature awaiting him.

P.S.—I would so much like to know the result of my advice to you. Please drop me a card.—Lady Heartsease.

Dear Lady Heartsease,—Every morning as I pass the Canadian Hospital on my way to business I have noticed a Canadian Soldier standing in the doorway. I should so much like to me introduced to him; I am very much attracted to him. I am too shy to speak to 'im first. How can I effect an introduction?

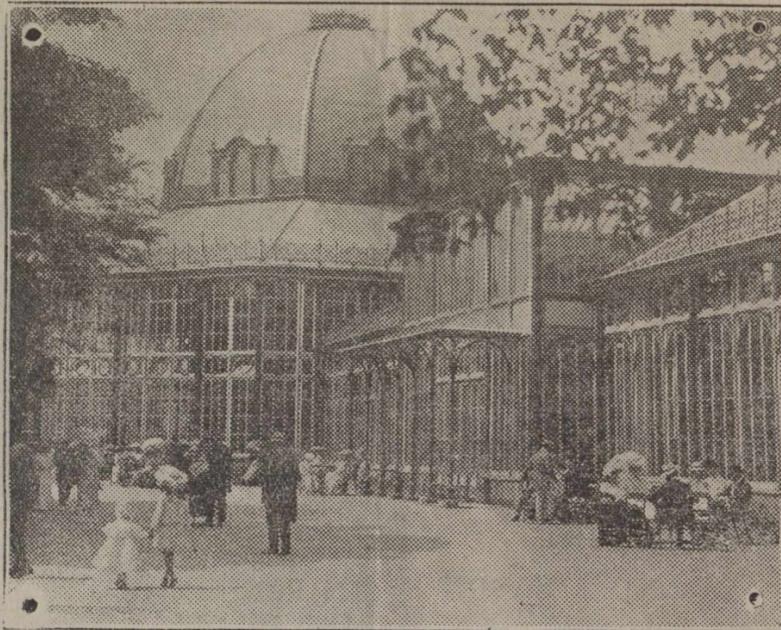
JANE HAIROIL.

Answer: Dear Jane Hairoil,—Surely you are not a Buxtonian. I have never yet met one who was afflicted with the dread disease "shyness." However, if you feel diffident about stepping up to him and slapping him on the shoulder and saying "Good afternoon, my pal," or some such friendly greeting, I would advise you to insert an add. in the new C.A.M.C. column.—Lady Heartsease.

CANADA'S WAR LOSSES.

OTTAWA, Thursday. An official statement issued here, states that Canadian Casualties up to August 31st were as follows:— Killed and died of wounds and sickness, 8,647; Wounded, 27,212; Missing, 2,005; Total, 37,861.

"Why, Freddie!" exclaimed the mother of a precious five-year-old, "aren't you ashamed to call auntie stupid? Go to her at once and tell her you are very sorry."
"Auntie," said the little fellow a few moments later, "I'm awfully sorry you are so stupid."



A VIEW OFIOPAVILION GARDENS.

REMEMBER.

There is another way to do it. A dogged brain will eventually gnaw its way through any obstacle.

Almost everything that men use or do was once considered unfeasible or impossible by others.

Don't start counting your birthdays; they don't really count. We've been confusing age with efficiency far too long. Time doesn't shorten an ass's ears. How far have you developed? How sharp are your faculties?

Opportunity isn't a flower bed, but a thorn patch. None but the hardy, unequaling and persistent can expect to surmount the adverse chances against the majority.

People used to pay far more attention to grey hairs, than to grey matter; they seemed to be possessed of the idea that dullards and wine both improve with ripening. But neither a blockhead or a poor vintage can be transmuted into excellence by the alchemy of age. Men mature by processes of thought, not by physical development.

Yesterday's ideas have all been reduced to print and we can buy them at any bookstore at a cent per copy.

Men whose minds stopped growing when their teachers stopped showing them where to look and what to do are only fitted for the tuppenny responsibilities to which circumstances, and competition have relegated them.

There's a better way of doing your work; find it or you will find another man in your place. Progress is a perpetual motion machine. Nothing stays still and you can't. The whole earth is rapidly growing into a huge brain. "Those now think who never thought before, and those that used to think think all the more."

ANOTHER CONCERT FRIDAY NIGHT.

Programme of Rare Excellence
and a Pleasant Evening
Assured.

Another concert has been arranged for Friday evening in Recreation Hall, and if those of the past are any criterion, a pleasant evening awaits those who attend. The quartette have been practising assiduously and something really fine can be expected from them. The other entertainers are too well-known to need any advance introduction. Following is the programme:

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|---------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Orchestra | "The Quaker Girl." |
| Song | "The Bugler" |
| | Pte. WILLIAMS. |
| Quartette | "When Billows are Rocking," and |
| | "Oh Who will o'er the Downs so free" |
| Song | Selected |
| | Miss RYAN. |
| Song | "I Don't Suppose" |
| | Pte. REES. |
| Buck and Wing Dance | MOORE and BURGESS. |
| Orchestra | "Miss Hook of Holland," |
| Quartette | "Newquay Fisher Song" |
| Song | "My Ships" |
| | Miss LONGBOTTOM. |
| Song | "In these Hard times" |
| | Sergt.-Major CARPENTER. |
| Song | "Comin' thro' the Rye" |
| | Sergt. SCOTT. |
| Song | "Major-General Worthington" |
| | Sergt. OSGOODE. |
| Slings Boys | "The Policeman." |
| Sketch | "A Scene from the Devonshire |
| | Hospital Drama Burlesqued." |
| Orchestra | "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf." |
| | "GOD SAVE THE KING." |
| Chairman | Sergt.-Major F. N. Carpenter (W.O.). |
| Musical Director | Corpl. J. T. Incompson. |

CANADA NEWS FOR CANADIANS.

The new War Loan has already been nearly subscribed.

October wheat is realizing one dollar and fifty cents on the Winnipeg market.

Twenty-five hundred firms in the Dominion have to contribute to the war tax.

The western quinquennial census shows but a slight decrease in the population in the prairie provinces.

The price of bread has been raised two cents a loaf in Toronto and in other Western Ontario cities.

The Ottawas have decided that they will not take part in the National Hockey Association games this winter.

Ontario is to commemorate Trafalgar Day this year by a special campaign for funds for the British Red Cross.

Mr. Bowser, the former Premier of British Columbia, has withdrawn his request for a recount in the Vancouver constituency.

Owing to so many men joining the Army there are only one-half the usual number of "fresh" men at the Ontario Agricultural College this autumn.

The Sir Oliver Mowat Sanatorium at Kingston has been taken over by the Military Hospital Commission for the care of soldiers suffering from tuberculosis.

A number of weekly and small local daily newspapers throughout Canada are increasing their subscription rates owing to the increase in the cost of paper and labour.

Lothair Reinhardt, the Toronto brewer, left nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and requested that he should be buried in Germany. This provision is not likely to be fulfilled at present.

Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., M.P., the Ontario Liberal leader, who has just returned from a visit over-seas, quotes Mr. Asquith as saying to him of the Canadians that "none have fought better; none could have fought better."

Canadian soldiers have never taken kindly to the moustache, which they were compelled to wear in accordance with the King's Regulations, and Militia Headquarters has now issued permission to soldiers to shave the upper lip.

The death is announced of Thomas Davies, who was for many years an alderman of Toronto and on several occasions a candidate for the mayoralty. The death is also announced of D. W. Karn, the famous piano manufacturer, formerly of Woodstock. Edward Gurney, head of the Gurney Foundry Company, has also died in Toronto.

—Canadian War Records.

FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

FOR SALE.—A deep baritone voice, would exchange for sweet soprano suitable for crooning lullabies.

FOR SALE.—Fierce bull pup, or would exchange for lady's vanity bag.

FOR SALE.—Tandem bicycle in good repair; will exchange for folding baby carriage.

FOR SALE.—Very pretty engagement ring; will exchange for gun or fishing-rod.

FOR SALE.—A beautifully bound volume entitled: "Man and how to Crush Him," by Miss Spank-curst, or would exchange for "Hints on how to manage husbands."

FOR SALE.—One pair of nicely worked men's bedroom slippers, and several tins of lovely art tints, half dozen khaki handkerchiefs, or would exchange the lot for two gramophone records, "Are we to part like this, Bill?" and "We never speak as we pass by."

There are many Canadians who will go back to their homes sadder but wiser men.

The way of a man is past finding out, but like the way of a woman will always be a mystery.

AN UNUSUAL CASE.

Pte. Ayers of "B" Ward
Forced to Prove
Himself Alive.

A most unusual case, either of mistaken identity or mixed records, occurred in this Hospital last week when Pte. Ayers, who has served at the front with the 10th Battalion Canadians, received a letter from his wife in which was enclosed the official notification of his death.

When interviewed by a "Red Cross Special" reporter Pte. Ayers said: "It is very regrettable that such errors should occur, but it seems that they are unavoidable."

"The shock to my wife was a severe one, and of course it not only frightened her, but it has inconvenienced us both considerably."

"Never having been in just such a predicament before, I am not sure what course it will be best for me to pursue in order to convince the Powers that be that I am still a 'real live one.' And, he added, "I do hope that they are not going to insist on a military funeral, because I've a very strong objection to being 'planted,' and my wife would far rather have me than the pension."

Canadians, as a whole, are not particularly superstitious but there is a feeling rife among the patients that it is rather "spooky" and uncanny for a "spirit" to laugh so pleasantly and to enjoy the same pleasures that we of the flesh enjoy. Therefore it behoves our friend Ayers to "come back to life" as soon as possible.

DRAMA STAGED IN RECREATION HALL.

Devonshires Invade Canadian
Hospital and Give a
Fine Concert.

On Wednesday evening a troupe of players from the Devonshire Hospital invaded the Canadian Red Cross Hospital, and after a concert of several really clever numbers, which were well received, presented a drama entitled "Lord Aubrey's Jew," the characters of which were all well gained. Wherever a large body of men are gathered together there is always a considerable amount of musical and dramatic talent to be found, and the Devonshire Hospital in this respect is no exception to the rule. Their performances are very creditable and highly entertaining. The programme follows:—Pianoforte solo, Selected, Corpl. Hendi; chorus, "We don't want a girl," Troupe; song, Selected, Sergt. Davidson; Lancashire sketch, Sergt. Duxbury; song, "A Soldier's Farewell," Sergt. Thompson; character sketch, Rifleman MacLin; song, "Bandolero," Corpl. Hendi; duet, "Somewhere a voice is calling," Sergt. Wright and Sergt. Davidson; sketch, Lord Aubrey's Jewels, Caste: Lord Aubrey (an old miser), Sergt. Thompson; Lord Aubrey's Butler, Sergt. Houghton; Nat Clifford (a bogus detective), Sergt. Wright; Dick, Tim, Jerry and Bill (burglars), Corpl. Hendi, Sergt. Geo. Casey, Sergt. Davidson, and Sergt. Tyrell; Police and Detectives; God Save the King.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. F. W. Tucker, wife of the sergeant-major, returned this week from an extended tour in Scotland, having visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, and the highlands. She reports an enjoyable time.

Sergt. J. W. Fairley, formerly one of the editors of this paper, is here on a visit for a few days prior to his return to Canada.

J. B. Ransome, associate editor, is still confined to bed and is not, we are sorry to state, making the improvement that might be expected.

The latest additions to our staff are Nursing Sisters G. Bailey, L. A. Thom, L. Pugh, and S. Sharpe, and we extend to them a hearty welcome to our dug-out.

Pte. H. B. Wilkes is spending a week in Leeds and is on a visit to his parents.

A great event is taking place in the kitchen department of the Hospital this Saturday. Pte. Oatham is tying the matrimonial knot. We all wish him every success in his new departure and hope that he will come through the ordeal with flying colours.

We also wish him a very happy honeymoon, which, by the way, will be spent in London.

Sergt. Harry Scott, and our artful Scout Harold spent a very happy time in Scotland this week, returning on Tuesday.

Pte. Purser is spending a short time in Bristol this week.

Capt. F. Vipond spent a short time in Southampton during the week, and declares he spent a very enjoyable outing.

MY CREED.

I believe in Canada; I love her as my home; I honor her institutions; I rejoice in the abundance of her resources; I have unbounded confidence in the ability and enterprise of her people, and I cherish exalted ideas of her destiny among the nations of the world. Anything that is produced in Canada from Canadian material by the application of Canadian brain and labor will always have first call with me and it is only good business on my part that it should.—Sister Tanner.